To urge the thing held as a ceremony:
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeve,
Ile die for't, but ſome woman had the Ring.
Baſſ. No by my honour Madam, by my ſoule
No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,
And ſuffered him to go diſpleaſd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmere it: pardon me good Lady,
For by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come nere my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,
Ile have that Doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well adviſd,
How you do leave me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the young Clarks Pen.
Anth. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grive not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.
Baſſ. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many friends
I ſweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe.

Por. Marke

Por. Marke you but that;
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſ
In each eye one, ſweare by your double
And there's an oath of credit.
Baſſ. Nay, but heare me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſwe
I never more will breake an oath with
Anth. I once did lend my body for
Which but for him that had your husb
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound
My ſoule upon the forfeit, that your Lor
Will never more breake faith adviſedly
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: g
And bid him keep it better then the ot
Anth. Here Lord *Baſſanio*, ſweare to
Baſſ. By heaven it is the ſame I gave
Por. I had it of him: pardon me *Baſ*
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with
Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Grat*
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctor
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with m
Grat. Why, this is like the mending
In Sommer, where the wayes are faire
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have de
Por. Speake not ſo grosly, you are all
Here is a Letter, reade it at your leaſure
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* he
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſoone as you
And even but now returnd: I have not
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* you are we
And I have better newes in ſtore for yo
Then you expect: unſeale this letter ſoo
There you ſhall find three of your Arg
Are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange ac
I chanced on this Letter.